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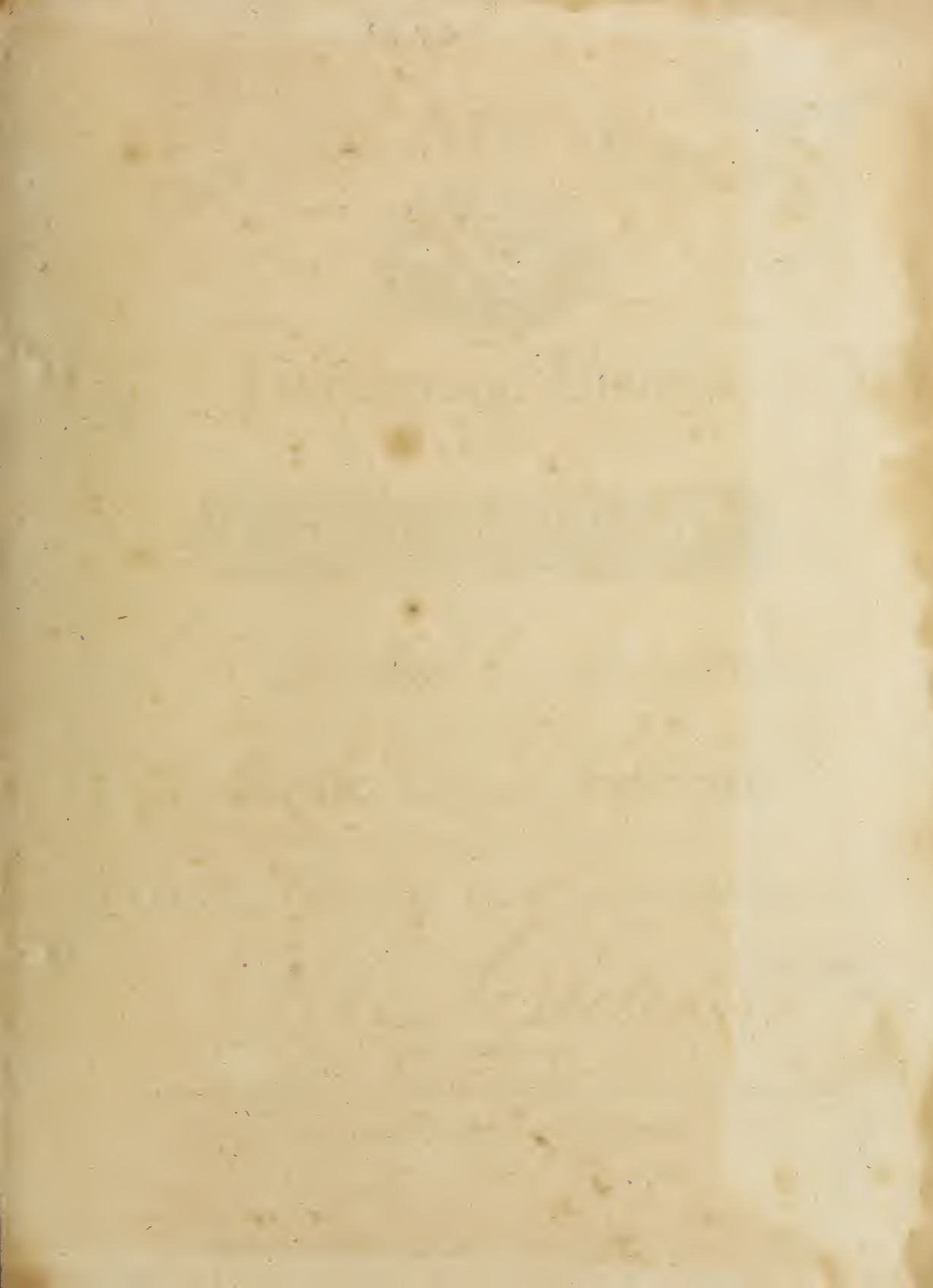
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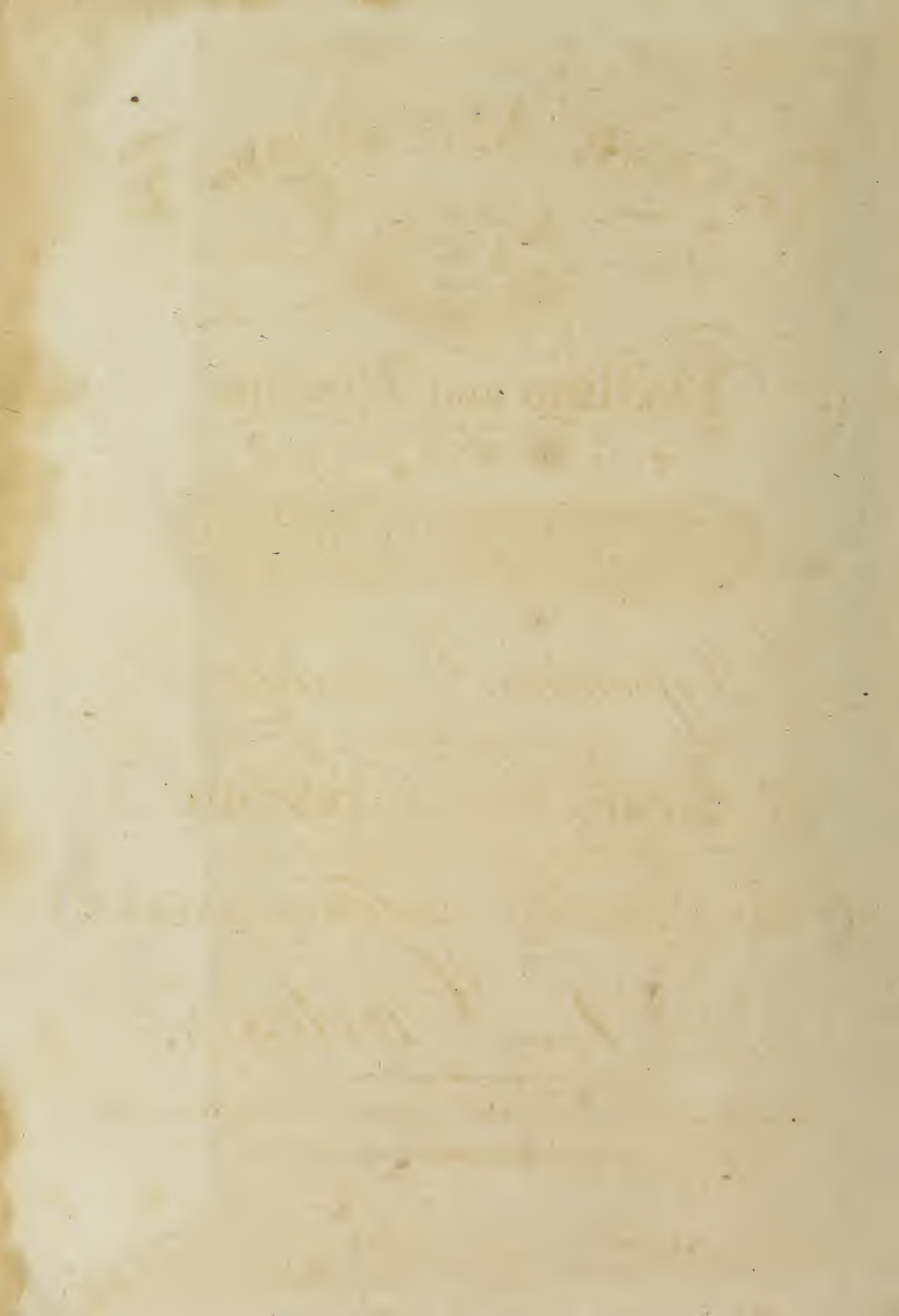
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DIVINE AMUSEMENT

A Select



Collection of

Psalms and Hymns

as sung at all the principal

Churches, Chapels

and
Dissenting Congregations,
to which is added

Kent's favorite Jubilate

The whole properly adapted for the

VOICE, PIANO FORTE OR ORGAN,

by
T. Curtis.

Pr 5^s stitched.
6.6 Bound.

London, Printed & Sold by J. BALLS, at his Music Warehouse, 408, Oxford Street.

Where may be had the Sacred Companion for the Flute 2. 6.

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SECOND VOLUME

of the

DIVINE AMUSEMENT.

HYMN 1.

C. M.

M. Cooke.

How should the Sons of A - dam's race Be
pure be - fore their God? If he con - tend in
righ - teous - ness, We fall be - neath his rod.

2

To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3

Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wise
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise
Or tempt th' unequal war.

What e - qual honors shall we bring To thee O

Lord, our God the Lamb, When all the Notes that An - gels

sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy name?

2

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his Almighty Father's side.

3

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

HYMN 3.

For Good Friday.

M. Cooke.

Like Sheep we went a-stray, And broke the
fold of God, All lost and wand'ring from the
way, The path of sin we trod.

2

But God, at death's dread hour,
On Christ our trespass laid;
The vengeance he was pleas'd to pour,
Has bruise'd the Serpent's head.

3

How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the shock!
His Life and Blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for his flock.

4

But he, as God decreed,
From death arose again;
He shall behold a num'rous seed
To recompence his pain.

HYMN 4.

L. M.

5

Our Souls shall mag-ni-fy the Lord, In God the
Saviour we rejoice, While we re-peat the Vir-gin's
Song, May the same spi-rit tune our Voice.

2

The highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overshadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the Mother of his Son.

3

Let ev'ry Nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd,
Holy and reverend is his Name.

HYMN 5.

L.M.

R. Spofforth.

Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll O'er the sharp
sorrows of my soul, And read my Maker's broken
laws, Re-pair'd and ho-nor'd by thy cross.

2

When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side.

3

My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the Notes that Gabriel sings.

HYMN 6.

C.M.

Dr Dupuis.

7

How large the pro-mise how di-vine, To

A-bram and his seed! I'll be a God to

thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need.

2

The words of his extensive love
 From Age to Age endure;
 The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
 And seals the blessing sure.

3

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great Father's giv'n;
 He takes young Children to his Arms,
 And calls them Heirs of Heav'n.

No more, my God, I boast no more Of all the
 du-ties I have done; I quit the hopes I held be-
 - fore, To trust the merits of thy Son.

2

Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his Cross.

3

Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
 O may my soul be found in him
 And of his righteousness partake.

HYMN 8.

C.M.

Great God, I own the sen - tence just, And
na - ture must de - cay; I yield my bo - - dy
to the dust, To dwell with fel - - low clay.

2

Yet faith may triumph o'er the Grave,
And trample on the Tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3

The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Who shall the Lord's e - lect condemn? 'Tis God that

jus - ti - fies their souls; And mer - cy, like a migh - ty

stream, O'er all their sins di - vine - ly rolls.

2

Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead?
 And their salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the dead!

3

He lives! he lives! and sits above,
 For ever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from his love,
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?

Firm as the Earth thy gos-pel stands, O

Lord, my hope, my trust; If I am found in

Je-su's hands, My Soul can ne'er be lost.

2

His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his Sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3

Nor Death, nor Hell, shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 11.

C. M.

Dr. Callcott.

Come let us join our cheer-ful Songs, With
 An-gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousands
 are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2

“Worship the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,

“To be exalted thus?”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our Lips reply,

“For he was slain for us?”

3

Jesus is worthy to receive

Honor and pow’r divine:

And blessings more than we can give,

Be, Lord, for ever thine.

We sing the glories of thy love, We sound thy
dread-ful name: The Chris-tian Church u-nites the
Song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb.

2

Great God! how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace;
Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways.

3

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy Throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness,
Thro' all the Nations known.

HYMN 13.

Mason.

f
Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all

p
pow'r and might thou that art the Author thou that art the

p
Author thou that art the Author of all good things

f
graft in our hearts the love of thy name the love of thy

f
name in-crease in us true re-li-gion Lord of all

pow'r and might, nou-rish us in all good-ness

Lord of all pow'r and might, and of thy great goodness and

of thy great mercy keep us keep us keep us in the

same thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord thro' Je-sus

Christ our Lord A-men A-men.

HYMN 14.

S.M.

To God the on - ly wise, Our Sa - viour
and our King, Let all the Saints be - low the
Skies, Their hum - ble prai - ses bring.

2

'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsels and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3

He will present our Souls
Unblemish'd and complete
Before the glory of his Face,
With joys divinely great.

Great God! to what a glorious height Hast thou ad -

- vaned the Lord thy Son! An - gels in all their robes of

light, Are made the ser - vants of his throne.

2

Before his feet thine Armies wait,
 And swift as flames of Fire they move,
 To manage his affairs of state,
 In works of vengeance and of love.

3

His orders run thro' all the hosts
 Legions descend at his command
 To guard and shield the British Coasts
 When foreign rage invades our Land.

HYMN 16.

L.M.

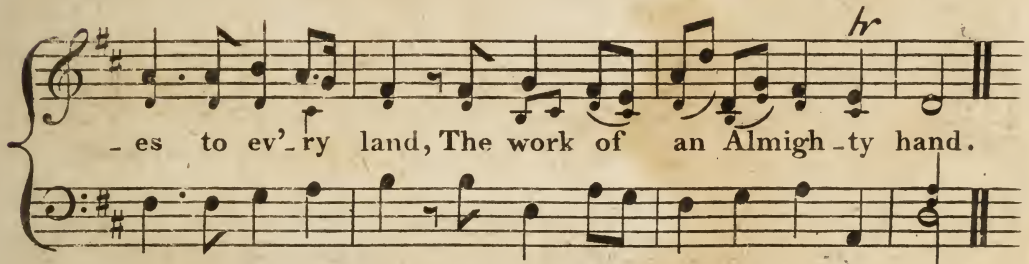
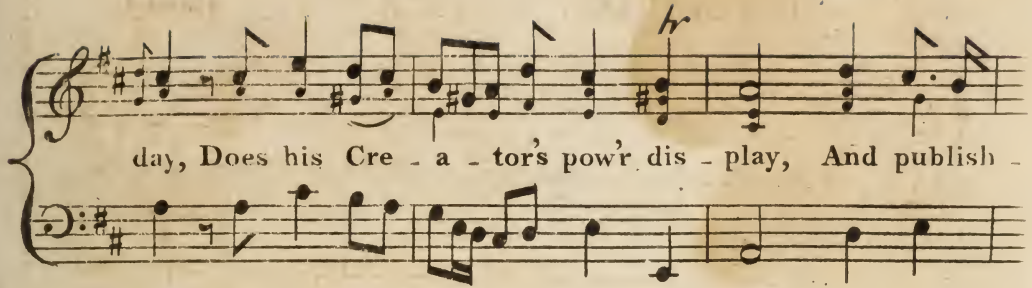
Handel.

The spacious firmament on high, With all the

blue æ - the - real Sky, And spangl'd Heav'ns a shining

frame, Their great o - - ri - gi - nal proclaim,

Th'unweary'd Sun from day to



2

Soon as the Ev'ning shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning Earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
 And all the Planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from Pole to Pole.

HYMN 17.

S.M.

Let all our Tongues be one To praise our

God on high, Who from his bo - som sent his

Son To fetch us strangers nigh.

2

Nor let our voices cease
 To sing the Saviour's name;
 Jesus, the Ambassador of peace,
 How cheerfully he came.

3

It cost him cries and tears
 To bring us near to God;
 Great was our debt, and he appears.
 To make the payment good.

HYMN 18.

S. M.

J. Scot.

O hap - py Man Whose Soul is fill'd With Zeal and
 rev' - rend awe! His lips to God their hon - ours
 yield His life a - dorns the law.

2

A careful providence shall stand,
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labours of thy hand
 Its kindly blessings shed.

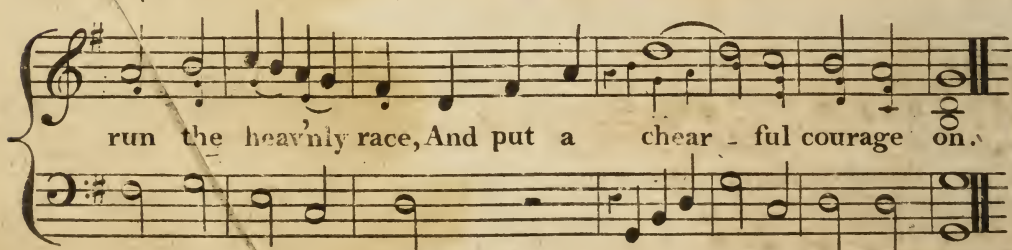
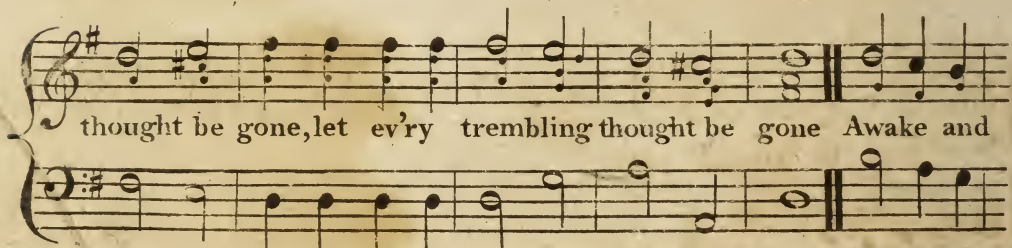
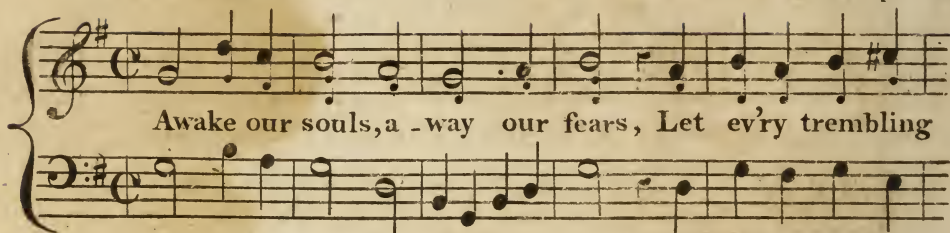
3

Thy Wife shall be a fruitful vine,
 Thy Children round thy board,
 Each like a Plant of honour shine,
 And learn to fear the Lord.

HYMN 19.

L.M.

Broderip.



2

True'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry Saint.

3

The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,
 Is ever new, and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

HYMN 20.

S. M.

23

Come ye that love the Lord And let our
joys be known Join in a Song with sweet ac - cord And
thus surround the Throne Join in a Song with one ac -
cord And thus sur - round the Throne.

2

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

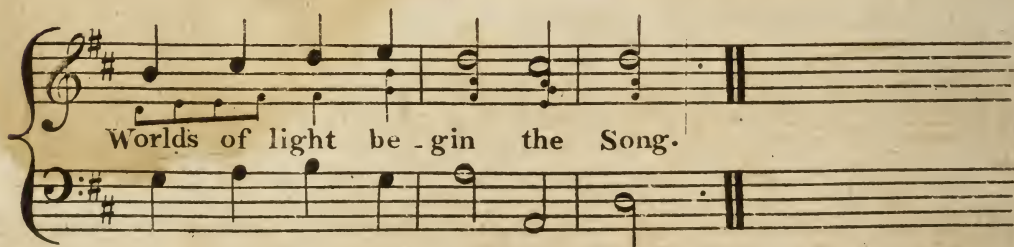
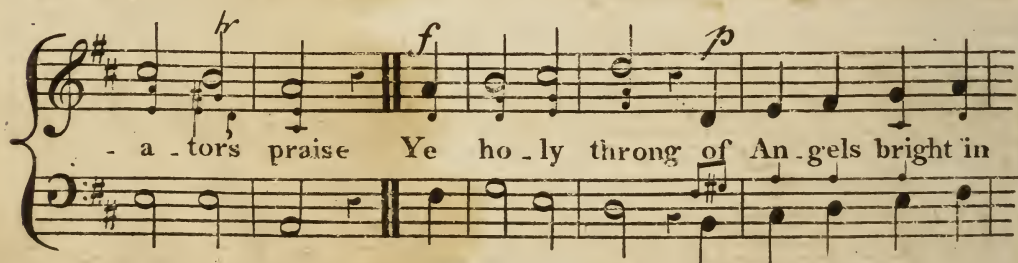
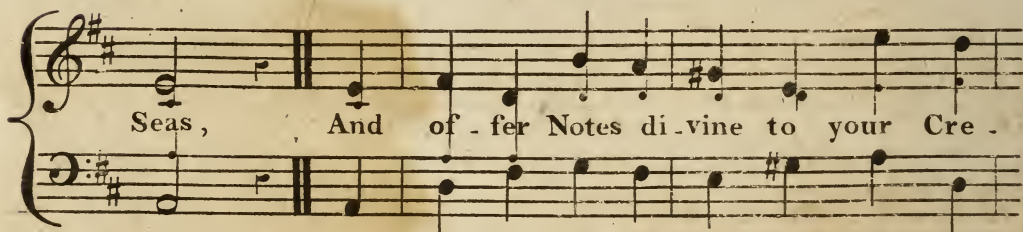
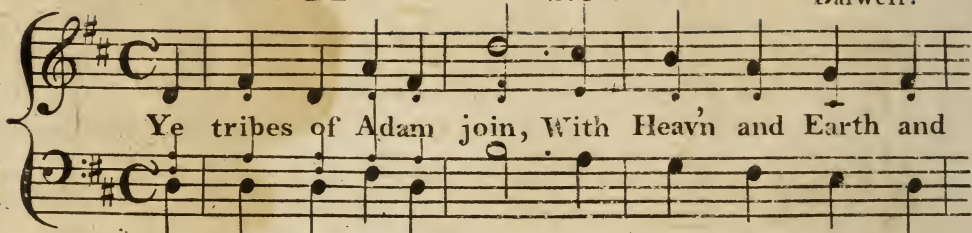
3

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

HYMN 21.

S. M.

Darwell.



2

Thou Sun with dazzling rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With Stars of twilight bright.

His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And Clouds that fly,
In empty air.

HYMN 22.

L.M.

My spirit looks to God a-lone My rock and

re-fuge is his Throne In all my fears in

all my straits My Soul on his my

Soul on his Sal-va-tion waits.

2

Trust him, ye Saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
 When helpers fail, and Foes invade,
 God is our all sufficient aid.

3

False are Men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity;
 Laid in the balance, both appear
 Light as a puff of empty Air.

HYMN 23

C. M.

Shrubsole

Our God how firm his pro - mise stands, Ev'n when he
 hides his face He trusts in our Re - deemer's hands, His
 glory glory glory glory and his grace.

2

Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one?
 Thy God is faithful to his Saints,
 Is faithful to his Son.

3

Beneath his smiles my Heart has liv'd,
 And part of Heav'n possess'd;
 I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 24

P. M.

27

Milgrove

f Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his

name, His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore,

Sing a - loud evermore, Worthy the Lamb Worthy the Lamb

Worthy the Lamb Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

2

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won,
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3

While they around the throne,
Chearfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood,
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 25.

S. M.

J. Smith.

I left my soul to God, My trust is
in his name, Let not my foes that seek my
blood, Still triumph in my shame.

2

Sin and the pow'rs of Hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3

From the first dawning light,
Till the dark Ev'ning rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing Eyes.

HYMN 26.

S.M.

My Sa - viour and my King Thy beauties are di - vine

Thy lips with blessings o - ver - flow And ev' - ry grace is

thine Thy lips with blessings o - ver - flow And ev' - ry grace is

thine And ev' - - ry grace is thine.

2

Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majesty to spread,
The conquests of thy word.

3

Strike thro' thy stubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts to be,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

HYMN 27.

C.M.

Ye that o-bey th'Im-mor-tal King At-tend his ho-ly
place Bow to the glories of his pow'r And bless his
wond'-rous grace And bless his wond'-rous grace.

2

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your Souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry Sky.

3

The God of Zion cheers our Hearts,
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling Seas.

HYMN 28.

S. M.

J. Smith

Come sound his praise a - broad And Hymns of
glo - - ry sing Je - - ho - vah is the sov' - reign
God The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

2.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own;
And all the solid Ground.

3

Come, worship at his Throne:
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4

To day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN 29.

C. M.

R. Hudson.

Eternal Father of mankind From whom all blessings spring The

rich Mans wealth the Poor's support The breath by which we sing.

Thro' thine abundant care of us,
Whose parentage is poor,
In the assemblies of the just,
We sing, give praise, adore.

Reward O Lord their pious care,
By whom to thee we're brought,
Guard them by thy especial grace,
By whom were fed and taught.

CHORUS.

Since thou O God didst hear our cry, When we were in dis -

Tasto Solo.

- tress We bless and praise thy name most high, Whence flows our

hap - pi - ness. A - men A - men A - men.

HYMN 30

L.M.

Dr Arnold

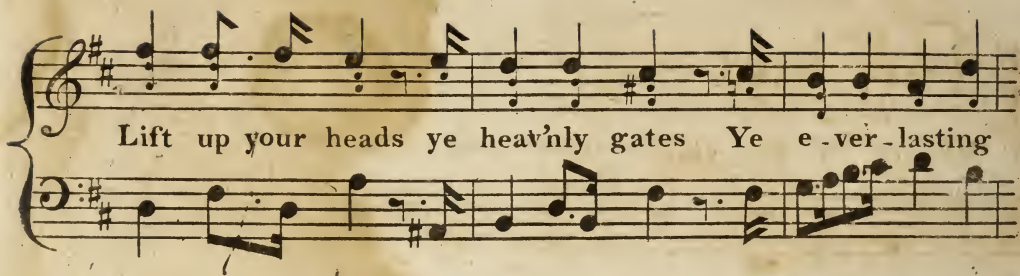
Our Lord is ri - sen from the dead Our Jesus is gone

up on high The pow'rs of hell are captive led Dragg'd to the

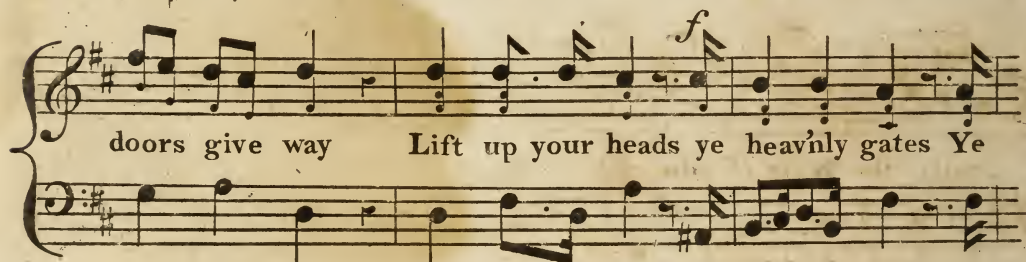
portals of the Sky The pow'rs of hell are captive led Dragg'd to the

portals of the Sky Dragg'd to the portals of the Sky.

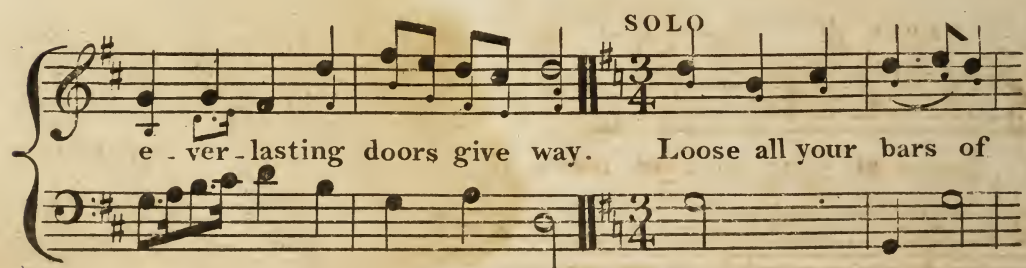
There his triumphal Chariot waits And Angels chant the solemn lay,



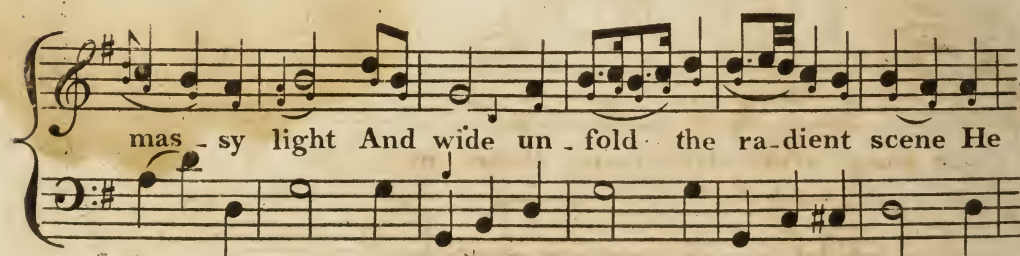
Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates Ye e-ver-lasting



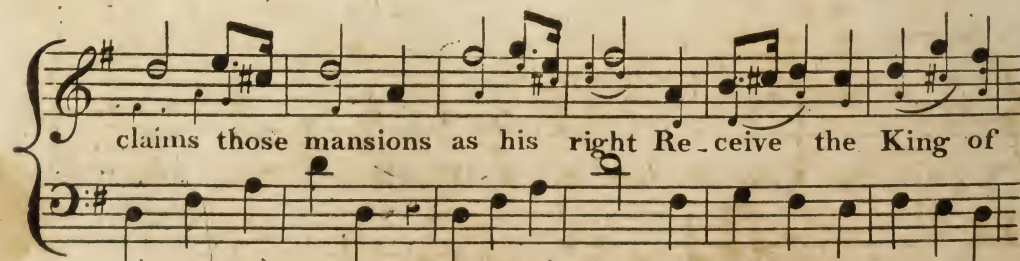
doors give way Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates Ye



e-ver-lasting doors give way. Loose all your bars of



mas-sy light And wide un-fold the ra-dient scene He



claims those mansions as his right Re-ceive the King of

Glo-ry in He claims those man-sions as his right Re-

- ceive the King of Glo-ry in Re-ceive the King of Glo-ry in.

VERSE *p*

Loose all your bars of mas-sy light And wide un-fold the

ra-diant scene He claims those man-sions as his right Re-

- ceive the King of Glo-ry in He claims those man-sions

Cres

as his right Receive the King of Glo - ry in Re - ceive the

CHO^s.

King of Glo - ry in. Who is the King of Glory who

who who is the King of Glo - ry who The Lord that

all his foes o'er - came The World Sin Death and Hell o'er -

threw And Je - sus is the Conquerors name And Jesus is the

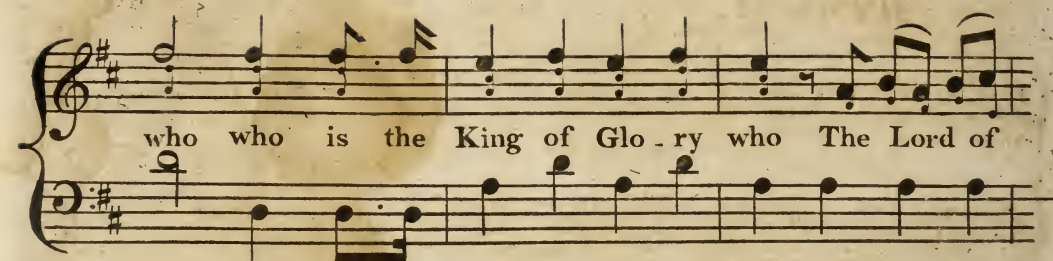
conq'rors name, And Je - sus is the conq'rors name

Lo his triumphal Chariot waits, And Angels chant the solemn

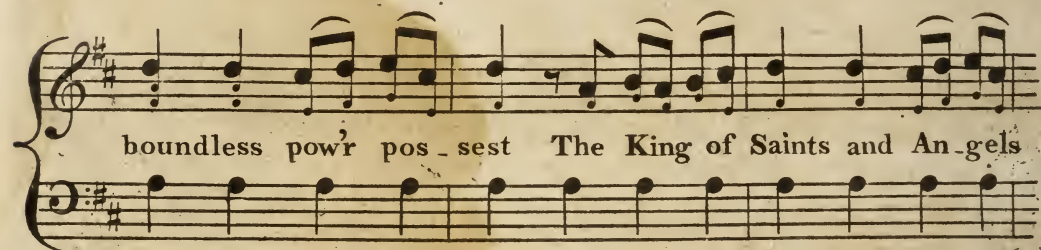
lay, Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye ever - lasting

doors give way, Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye e - ver -

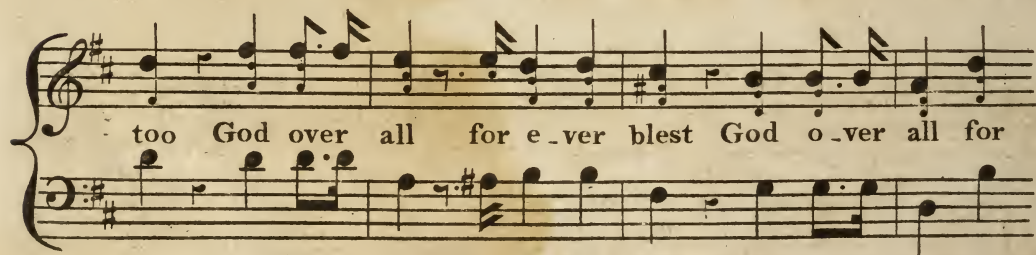
- lasting doors give way Who is the King of glory, who, who,



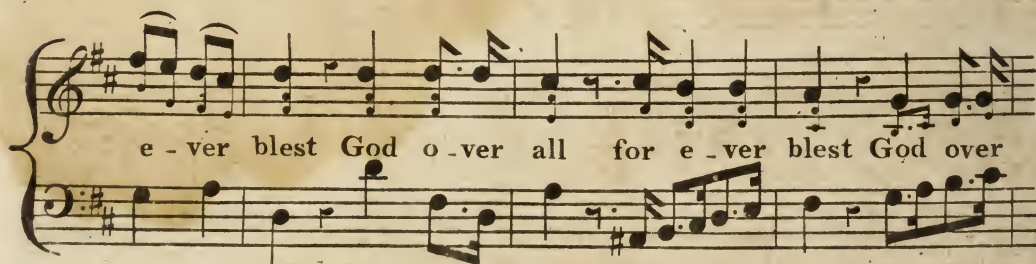
who who is the King of Glo - ry who The Lord of



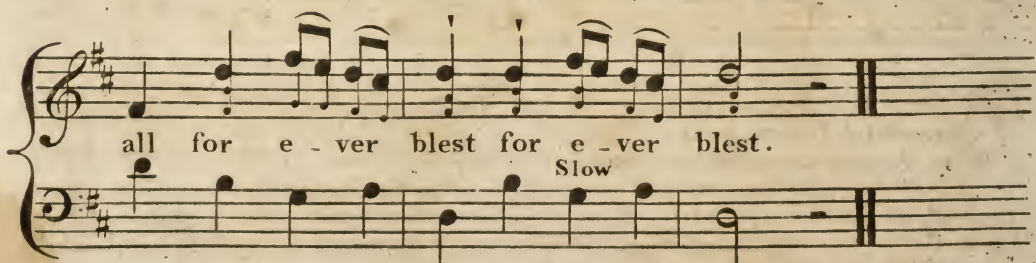
boundless pow'r pos - sess The King of Saints and An - gels



too God over all for e - ver blest God o - ver all for



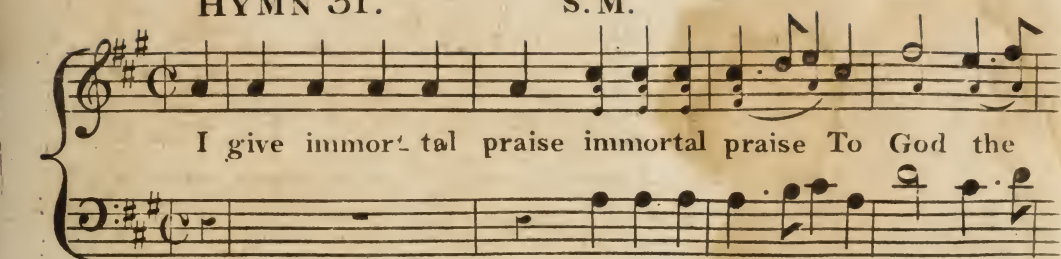
e - ver blest God o - ver all for e - ver blest God over



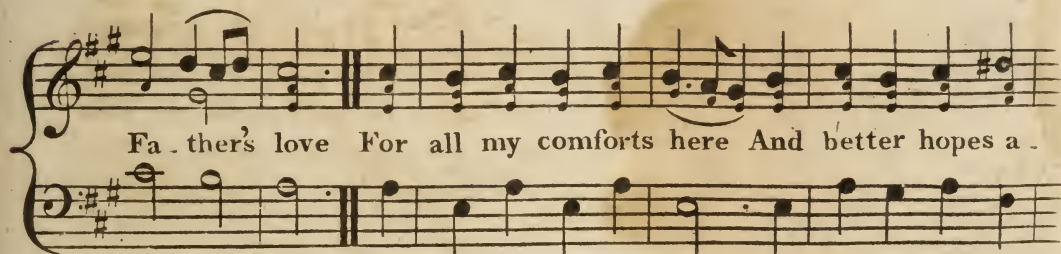
all for e - ver blest for e - ver blest.
Slow

HYMN 31.

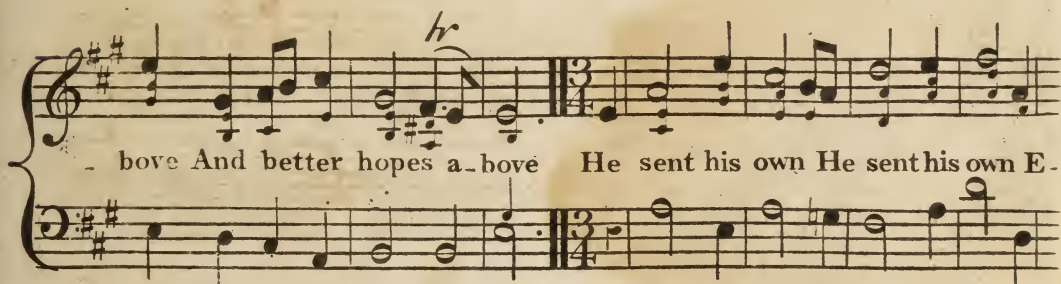
S. M.



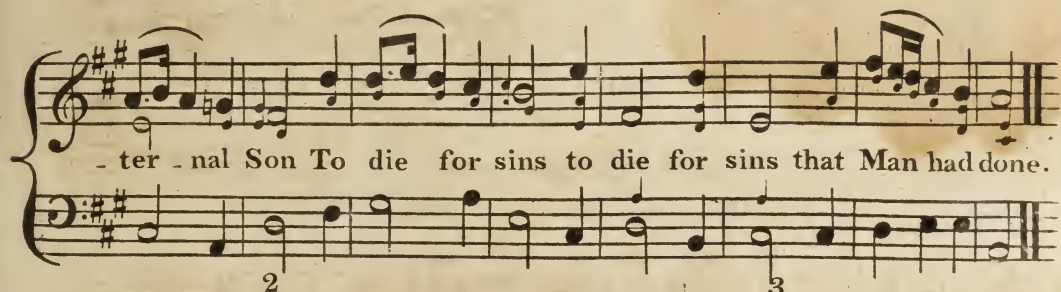
I give immortal praise immortal praise To God the



Fa-ther's love For all my comforts here And better hopes a-



-bove And better hopes a-bove He sent his own He sent his own E-



-ter-nal Son To die for sins to die for sins that Man had done.

2
To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his pains.

3
To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live:
His work completes,
The great design,
And fills the Soul
With joy divine.

HYMN 32.

P. M. 7^s

Battishill.

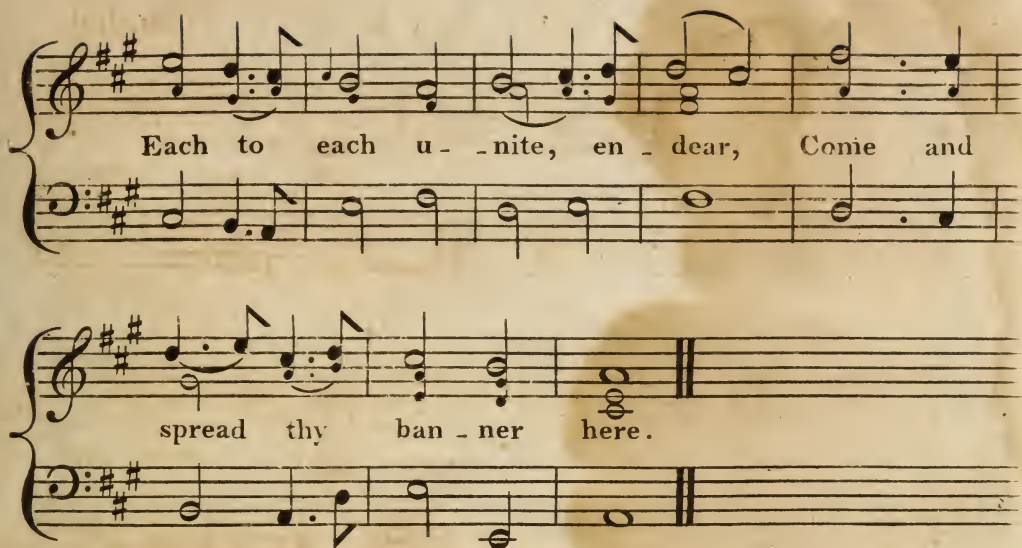
Je - sus, Lord, we look to thee,

Let us in thy name a - - gree, Shew thy -

- self the Prince of peace, Bid our jars for

e - - ver cease, By thy re - - con - ci - - ling

love, Ev' - ry stum - bling block re - move



2

Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courtious, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
 Let us each for other care,
 Each his Brother's burthen bare,
 To thy Church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

3

Free from anger, free from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide,
 All the depth of love express,
 All the height of holiness.
 Let us then with joy remove,
 To thy family above,
 On the wings of Angels fly,
 Shew how true believers die.

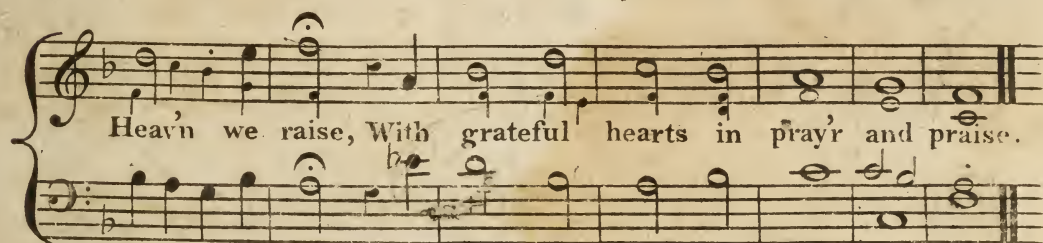
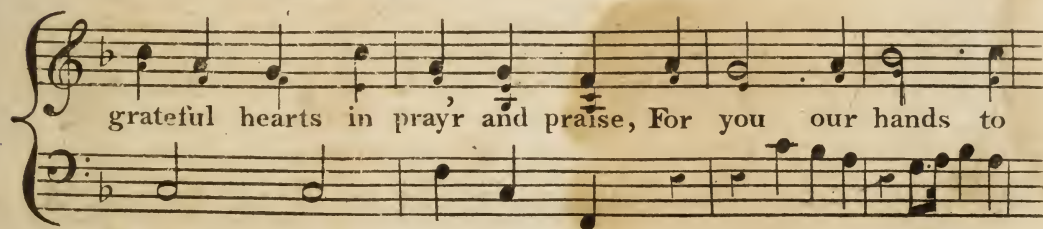
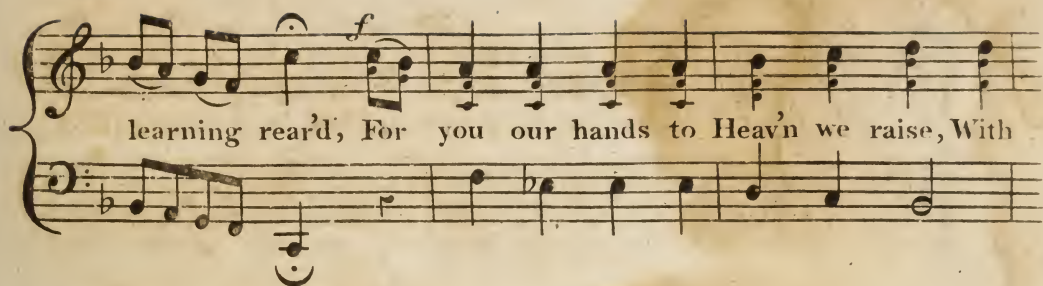
When wandring comfort - less and low, In poverty's dark

vale or' woe, Ex - pos'd to er - ror, want, dis - ease, And

vice more fa - tal still than ease, Your fost'ring care our

bosoms cheer'd, Our in - fant minds with learning rear'd, Your

fost'ring care our bosoms cheer'd, Our infant minds with



2

O may our bosoms doubly know,
 The joys your liberal acts bestow,
 And long thro' years revolving praise
 The blessings of fraternal love,
 That to the Heart humane is giv'n
 A foretaste of the bliss of Heav'n,
 For you our hands to Heav'n we raise,
 With grateful Hearts in pray'r and praise.

Let us with a glad - some mind,

Praise the Lord for he [#]is kind,

Let us with a glad - some mind,

Praise the Lord for he [#]is kind,

For his mer - cies will en - dure,

E - ver faith - ful e - ver sure

For his mer - cies will en - dure

E - ver faith - ful e - ver sure

For his mer - cies will en - dure

E - ver faith - ful e - ver sure.

HYMN 35.

C. M.

Dr Wainwright

O Lord our God how wondrous great Is thine ex -

al - - ted name The Glo - ries of thy heav'n - ly

state Let Men and Babes pro - claim.

2

When I behold thy works on high,
 The Moon that rules the Night,
 And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
 Those moving Worlds of light.

3

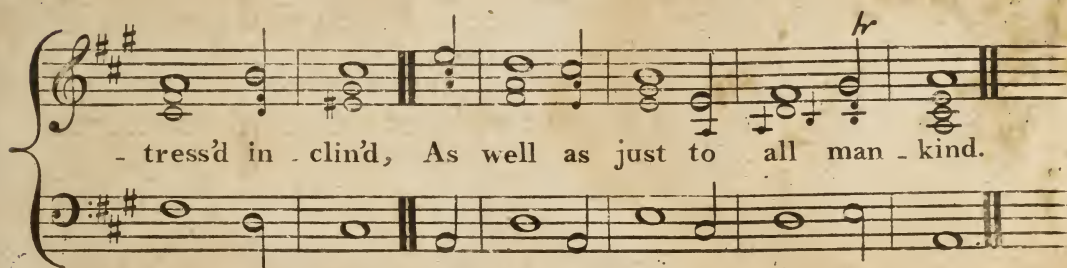
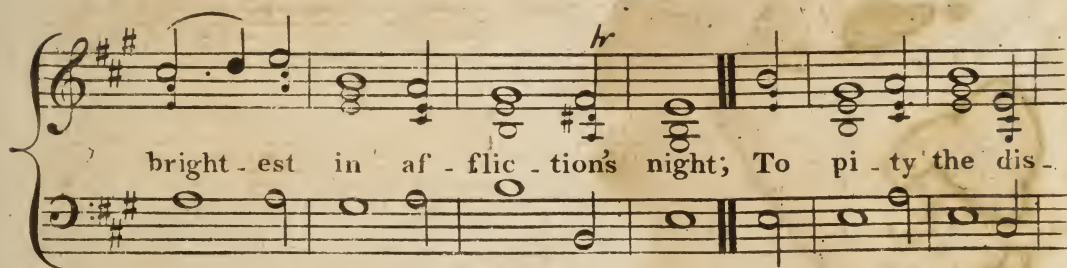
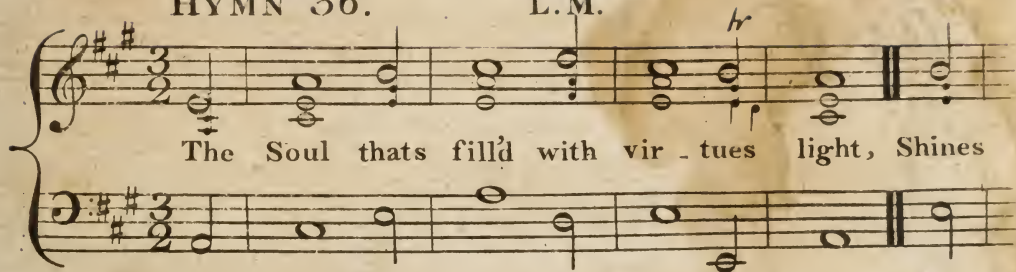
Lord, what is Man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so!

4

That thy eternal Son should bear,
 To take a mortal form,
 Made lower than his Angels are,
 To save a dying Worm!

HYMN 36.

L. M.



2

His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

3

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

4

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

O praise the Lord in that best place, From whence his

goodness large - ly flows; Praise him in Heav'n where

he his face, Un-veild in per - fect glo - ry shows.

2

Praise him for all the mighty acts,
 Which he on our behalf has done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

3

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ,
 Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.



